

Sullen Clouds are Rolling Across Judea's Plain



Shaunee Lee

The darkening clouds are rolling across the purpled hill
And hide the full moon rising, while all the night is still
All round about the city walls, stern Romans take their stand
Despised and hated enemies, upon this sacred land.

In homes the oil lamps flicker, give shadows on each wall
The lamb is killed, its blood is shed, and families now recall
That on a night so long ago, when they in bondage lay
Jehovah spoke through Moses, "Let each a lamb now slay.

Sprinkle the blood outside the door, the Slayer now draws near
But those now sheltered by the blood can feast and have no fear
Threading their way through ancient streets, a little band appear
When to a special upper room, the thirteen men draw near.

It was to this blest sacred spot, the group of men then came
And in their midst, a lovely man, and Jesus is His Name.
While when en route they argued, upsetting words were said
For little did they understand, the Lord would soon be dead.

Up to that room, prepared now, they each then took their place
And Christ the Lord who loved them, began for them to trace.
The future that would soon unfold, a traitor, one of them!
Oh which among them ever, would Christ the Lord disdain?

To sell Him for a silver coin, who would then stoop so low?
To sell the blessed Son of God, -- did ever such a blow
Of selfishness, corruption, erupt from human heart
Who would this deed commit then, where did it ever start?

Judas, Judas, Judas, what infamy and shame
To every son of Adam, who ere has borne thy name.
Contemptible, despicable and loathsome to the end
For you betrayed the Christ child, the Saviour of all men.

© Rowan Jennings